

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

SUSAN DEAREST—Do you know that they are about to put Washington right in the center of the map? No, I don't mean at all that we are going to declare war on anybody, or annex Bulgaria, or adopt that funny Mr. Carranza that gets his name in the papers so much. But it is none the less a fact that we're going to be placed right in the middle of things.

Have you been reading about the scheme to develop the Great Falls and light and heat and water the town from it? I don't seem to understand at all about those details; but the other evening I heard some men talking about it, and they were awfully interesting. It seems that if they build the great dam that is talked about, they will create a lake some fifteen miles long, more or less—please don't expect me to get such figures accurate—and from a mile to two or three miles wide. It will have the Virginia hills on one side and the Maryland hills on the other, and—well, Susan, you have been to Geneva, and know what it would mean to have that beautiful sheet of water were expanded to twice its present length and two or three times its present width.

If Washington really understood such things, I venture that it would be in favor of creating the Seneca Lake for purely business reasons quite aside from those that Congress will talk about. It's strange how few resources Washington has for amusements. People imagine they must chase away in summer because there is no place to play. Think of having a wonderful fresh-water lake right at our door, such as would be produced by the construction of the great dam! There would be two or three street car lines extended to that region, on both sides of the Potomac, summer hotels would spring up, the fishing would be famous all over this part of the country; there would be plenty of room for fine sailing, which, after all, is the greatest sport, and only available to amateurs on small sheets of water. There would be a Coney Island, and room for camping, and beautiful automobile roads from Washington, and dancing pavilions, and plenty of music, and—you know the rest.

These men whom I heard talking about the possibilities declared that it would mean keeping thousands of people in Washington every summer who now go away to mountains and seashore. The difference in temperature between the business downtown and this Seneca lake country is quite beyond belief, except to you and me, and the others who know about it. Washington needs some resorts of its own, and Great Falls offers the chance. I certainly do hope that they will go ahead and provide this one for us.

The men I heard talking about it said that Commissioners Newman and Brownlow and Kutz had the real idea, and that they had passed it along to the President. I hope it is true. Don't you recollect that last evening when we were canoeing on the river above the falls, when the big, round, golden, glorious moon came up over the deep green hills, and everybody in the string of canoes grew more and more quiet, until there wasn't a noise except the chug-chug of the motor boat that was towing us; and as the moon rose higher, and we circled around the island, somebody started humming, and pretty soon everybody in the party was singing "Annie Laurie," and the different boats didn't keep very good time, but it was awfully good fun and made you have a queer feeling inside that you rather liked? Well, that night when we got out on the bank—you know what a disgustingly effective chaperon a canoe is—Dick told me off into the shadows, and, well—next day he brought me the ring you girls all like so much, and—O, Susan, I'm in favor of expanding the facilities of Seneca lake just as much as possible. If the rest of the people knew how much it has meant to me, you'd understand why I want more of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Van H. Manning, who have been occupying Charles P. Neill's house in Maryland street, Cleveland Park, have to move as the Neills have returned from New York and wish to live there. As they like the Park and the people there they have leased a house nearby their present abode, 302 Newark street, and will move in September 1. Mr. Manning is assistant director of the Bureau of Mines.

The Shoreham is about to be overhauled again, so I am told. It seems like just yesterday that the entire building was remodeled and refurnished and it certainly does not look like anything of the kind is needed but I heard it from one who knows, nevertheless, and as you want to know all of the news, I am passing it on.

Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne Wilson are going to give up their house in Church street on the first of September and move to Rockville where they, with their married son, Val Wilson, and his family, will take a house together, with the idea of buying it, I believe. The older Wilsons have lived in Rockville before and Val and his attractive young wife have always made that their home. And Mrs. Val is extremely pretty and attractive. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Higgins of Rockville, where she married Val when they were both nothing but children. Nevertheless, they are as happy as the day is long and still look like children although they have two of their own.

"Woodbine," the handsome home of Mrs. Henry Hornbly Goldsmith in Howard county, made a beautiful setting for the wedding there at 4 o'clock yesterday of Mrs. Goldsmith's daughter, Helen Louise, and Thomas Edison Hay of Pittsburgh. The married couple, with its deep veranda and wide hall, was elaborately decorated with smilax, maidenhair ferns, palms and eucalyptus. As the guests arrived a musical program was rendered, including Handel's "Largo" and "Moderato" from "Te Deum." The Rev. Gordon performed the ceremony in the presence of a small company.

The bride who was given away by her mother wore a gown of old pink lace and tulle with willow taffeta and carried white roses. Mary Warfield, her only attendant, wore shimmering blue tulle and a lace hat trimmed with a single pink rose. Her bouquet was of pink roses, Edward Northrup Hay was best man for his brother.

Mary Louise is a Southern girl of the truest type and is a granddaughter of Dr. William Thomas Goldsmith, of At-



MISS MILDRED BROWN.

lanta. The lucky young man is the son of Maj. William Henry Hay, of the general staff of the army, and is a graduate of Pennsylvania State College. Mr. and Mrs. Hay will reside in Pittsburgh.

Julia Wilson who has been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin in Parkersburg, W. Va., is now with Miss Totten near Gaithersburg, Md. Helen, another sister, and her husband, Perry Lippert are planning to come to the States early in September, but will probably go West before coming to Washington.

Nobutaro Kawashima, third secretary of the Japanese embassy, is keeping bachelor's hall at their apartment in the Ontario, for Mrs. Kawashima has gone to Japan to remain indefinitely. They have one cunning little boy, whom everyone finds most attractive. (One friend, and they have made many of the people, who was calling on them some time ago, undertook to amuse the child by repeating that old nursery rhyme familiar to most American children, which is demonstrated with the hands, concerning a church, its door, its steeple, opening the doors and seeing the people, etc. Before the caller realized it, she had three most attentive pupils, for the mother and father, as well as the boy, were on their knees at the lady's side repeating the rhyme over and over again, intensely interested, and enjoying the performance immensely.)

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A Chronicle of Society

what a pretty, attractive, dainty creature she is and Eloise is just like her.

Willow hats, casting cross shadows across the face, wide striped skirts and several such recent creations of the latest arbiters of fashions were much in evidence at the Highland horse show in Howard county, Md., last week. Society from Baltimore, Washington and the intervening country was well represented both in the ring and on the grandstand, but the absence of the various members of the Hopkins family, with the one exception of Elizabeth Hinchman, was noticeable. They are in mourning for Mrs. Hopkins who resided at White Hall, where the show always takes place. Harold Hopkins lives there now, while Elizabeth spends most of the time at Grove Hill in Montgomery county, another fine old estate which has been in the Tyson family for about 200 years. Mrs. Hopkins, you know, belonged to the old Tyson family which has been wealthy and ranked with the highest society for many generations. White Hall is a large rich farm in the midst of pretty rolling country. The house is a magnificent old red brick structure, placed high on a hill commanding a fine view surrounded by a beautiful lawn and many magnificent trees. It is named after the old, old Tyson estate in Anne Arundel county on the Severn where Edward Hopkins lived in Colonial times. James Hopkins, founder of the college bearing his name was of this old family; he was Elizabeth Hopkins Hinchman's and Harold Hopkins' grandfather's brother, the same relation he bears to the present Gerard Hopkins, of Baltimore.

Almost all of the same people attended the horse show at Coleville, in Montgomery county Wednesday last. Tom Bones, Miss Siddons and one or two others who are familiar figures at the Washington shows, exhibited their horses, also Julian Morris, of Virginia's horse show. The Coleville show takes place in a huge and unusually beautiful meadow on Ben Ray's farm through which the Northwest Branch, a large, sized tributary of Rock Creek, winds prettily. An accident which promised to be very serious almost marred an otherwise perfect day. Hardy Randall, of that fine old family long identified with Maryland, fell from his horse in the very last steepchase. He was crowded out of one of the jumps, and his shoulder, hitting the post of the hurdle, broken.

One of the most interested spectators at the show was William H. Russell, the recently appointed minister to the Dominican Republic, succeeding James M. Sullivan. Mr. Russell was born and raised in Rockville, where he spends most of his time when in this country, although his official abode is at 206 R street. His father was the late Major

W. W. Russell of the Marine Corps, whose family has lived in and around Rockville for two hundred years or more, while his mother, Mrs. Virginia Fletcher Russell, was from Alexandria. After Mr. Russell was graduated from the Naval Academy he was engaged in engineering work, mostly in South America, where he was for a number of years before entering the diplomatic service, where he has been actively engaged, with the exception of a short time, for seventeen years.

That short time was when he was asked to resign by Mr. Bryan from this same post in order to make way for Mr. Sullivan, whose diplomatic career ended so quickly.

His first appointment, which was made by President Cleveland, was as first secretary of the legation at Caracas, Venezuela, where he served later as minister. Subsequently he was minister at Bogota, Colombia; first charge d'affaires at Panama after it was declared an independent state, then back to Venezuela, and from there to Santo Domingo. He took his new oath of office last week, and expects to start for his post some time next month. He will be accompanied by his wife and three children. He met Mrs. Russell, who was a Miss Lidstone, of England, while in Bogota, where they were married about six years ago.

John Brewer, his nephew, of this city and Rockville, will probably accompany Mr. Russell as his secretary, a position which that young man has filled before.

A more recent member of the Diplomatic Corps is also from Montgomery county. Mr. Harold Waters, who has just arrived in Berlin, where he will serve as vice consul, is from Germantown, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Waters, reside. Harold has spent most of his time in recent years in Washington, where he has been employed in the State Department. He was graduated from the Georgetown University about a year ago, and before that had been a student at the Randolph-Macon College and the Friends' Select School. He is quite young, about twenty three, unusually bright, and gives promise of a future that will attract attention.

After four years' service in Washington, Dr. Edward M. Talbott, of the army, is about to leave us. He has been ordered to Philadelphia to the attending surgeon's office. Capt. Henry Beuwick will relieve him about October 1, when Captain Talbott will take a month's leave before reporting for duty. Captain Talbott, whose family, I think, came from Washington and nearby counties in Maryland, has been very much liked here, has been in great demand socially, and his departure is contemplated with much regret by all who know him.

Three months spent on the Pacific Coast and never a peep at the exposition—that is the unheard of thing which the Chaplain of the House of Representatives and Mrs. H. N. Couden did. They have just returned to Washington, and look much refreshed.

although Mr. Couden did not exactly rest, for he preached many sermons and made numerous speeches while away. Most of the three months was passed in the State of Washington, where they have a son, F. D. Couden, who is a prominent lawyer in South Bend. They particularly enjoyed his two children, their grandchildren, which Mr. Couden says kept them too much occupied to even think about the fair.

A most lamentable but, perhaps, rather common, situation is that in which Mrs. J. Schafhausen, wife of the chancellor of the German embassy, found herself at the outbreak of the present war. She is English born, and married a son of her country's enemy. She has been living at Catford, near London, but arrived in New York on the American liner New York last week, accompanied by her three children. This is the first time she has visited this country. Her husband met his family at the pier, and took them

to Cedarhurst, where the German embassy is established for the summer.

Two other attendants have been added to the wedding party of May Roper and David H. Coker, whose marriage will be an event of August 25, since I wrote to you last week. May's sister Alice was then to be the only bride's maid, but Ruth Lawton, a niece of Mr. Coker, is going to be another, and Mrs. R. Reyburn Burklin will be matron of honor. Mrs. Burklin was May Wilson, and it was at her wedding in April that May caught the bride's bouquet which may or may not have given Cupid encouragement to persist with his work. May attended Mrs. Burklin and now Mrs. Burklin is going to do the same for May.

Mildred Anderson has just completed a month's stay in camp, in Connecticut, with Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes, who has forty girls with her, studying athletic dancing and the system of exercises and rhythmic expression which she

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